Enter Dutches of Yorke, with Clarence children.

Boy. Tell me good Granam, is our father dead?

Dut. No boy.

Boy. Why doo you wring your hands, and beat your (breast,
And crie, Oh Clarence my vnhappie sonne?

Gerl. Why do you looke on vs, and shake your head,
And call vs wretches, Orphanes, castawayes,
If that our noble father be aliue?

Dut. My prettie Cosens, you mistake me much,
I do lament the sickenesse of the King:
As loath to loose him, not your fathers death:
It were lost labour, to weepe for one that's lost.

Boy. Then Granam you conclude that he is dead,
The King my Vncle is too blame for this:
God will reuenge it, whom I will importune
With dayly praiers, all to that effect.

Dut. Peace children, peace, the King doth loue you well,
Incapable and shallow innocents,
You cannot guesse who causde your fathers death.

Boy. Granam we can: For my good Vncle Gloucester
Told me, the King prouoked by the Queene,
Deuis'd impeachments to imprison him:
And when hee tolde me so, hee wept,
And hugd me in his arme, and kindly kist my cheeke,
And bad me relie on him as on my father,
And he would loue me dearely as his childe.

Dut. Oh that deceite should steale such gentle shapes,
And with a vertuous visard hide foule guile:
He is my sonne, yea, and therein my shame:
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

Boy. Thinke you my Vncle did dissemble, Granam?

Dut. I boy.

Boy. I cannot thinke it, harke what noise is this? *Enter the Queen.*

Qu. Oh who shall hinder me to waile and weepe?
To chide my fortune, and torment my selfe?
Ile ioine with blacke despaire against my soule,
And to my selfe become an enemie.

Dut. What meanes this sceane of rude impatience?

Qu. To make an act of tragicke violence.

Ed-

Edward, my Lord, your
Why grow the branche
Why wither not the lea
If you will liue, lament
That our swift winged
Or like obedient subie
To his new kingdome
Dut. Ah so much in
As I had title in thy nob
I haue bewept a worthy
And liu'd by looking o
But now two mirrors o
Are crackt in peeces by
And I for comfort hau
Which greeues me wh
Thou art a widowe, yet
And hast the comfort
But death hath snatcht
And pluckt two crutch
Edward and Clarence,
Then, being but moity
To ouergo thy plants
Boy. Good Aunt, you
How can we aid you wi
Gerl. Our fatherlesse
Your widowes dolours
Qu. Giue me no help
I am not barren to brin
All springs reduce thei
That I being gouernd
May send foorth plent
Oh for my husband, fo
Ambo. Oh for our fa
Dut. Alas for both,
Qu. What stay had
Am. What stay had
Dut. What staies ha
Qu. Was neuer wid

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22315) LONDON, 1598 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.3